Dr. Sam
Time Travel Project

By: diego

MEXICAN INDEPENDENCE WAR

DAY 1: Today I was walking the halls of school, In front of me was the school janitor. He was headed to the janitor's closet. But then he dropped his keys. I picked them up and followed him to give them back. I called his name but he never turned around. He then got into the janitor's closet. I thought to myself, *Should I be going in here? Will I get in trouble? But if I do then I'll just explain I wanted to return the keys.* I open the door and go inside. I close it very softly, not wanting to get caught. After I close the door I turn around to look around for the janitor. *What the hell?!* I couldn't believe my eyes. I was in an open field. I thought to myself, *How is this possible? I was just in school.* I turned around as quickly as I could to open the door. But as soon as I turned around I noticed the door was not there. *No! No way. Am I going crazy?* I pull out my phone and notice. *I have no service!* I see the janitor. *Hey! Why am I here?! How am I here?!* He turns around and starts running.

I chase after him. After a while, he runs into a nearby town.

"Where the hell are you at?!"

People are staring at me. I noticed they were all wearing old clothes.

"¿Qué es esa ropa que lleva?"

I decided to run away and hide in an abandoned house. *How in the world did I get to Mexico? This type of stuff only happens in movies.* I looked through my backpack because I was getting hungry. I was looking for my lunch. But instead, I found clothes, A pocket knife, MRE's, and some stuff for survival. At the bottom of my backpack, I find pesos. *Thank god I'm Mexican and I can speak Spanish.* I put on the clothes that were in my backpack. *Fits perfectly. Almost as if I*

was meant to walk through that door. I walk outside to the nearest shop. I see that they are selling fresh fruit for 5 pesos. I walk up and he says “Hola, no te había visto por aquí antes. ¿de dónde eres?” *Oh no, he knows that I don't live here. “* yo soy de otra parte.*”* I said. “Ah, ok. ¿Le puedo ayudar en algo?” “Sí, me gustaría unas rodajas de mango y sandía.” *I don't know how long this food is going to last me but I have to remember I don't know how long I'll be here so I have to ration my food and money.*

“Aquí tienes.” I head back to my hideout and eat my fruit. While eating my fruit I hear a voice. “Can I have some?” In a scared voice. I grab my knife scared of getting caught. “Who's there!?” I said “ Shhh. Please, I'm hungry. I’ve been getting chased by the Spanish.” “What do you mean in Spanish.” “ I mean that the Spanish are coming here to take over our independence. We have to warn everyone!” “ Wait. How do you know English?” “I was taught it by someone. Wait, how do you know English?” “ Um, it is a long story. And this may sound crazy, especially to someone who lives in this time. But I was in school trying to bring the janitor his keys back. But then he gets into the janitor's closet and I follow him in there and somehow I end up in a field of grass. I then found the janitor running into this town and I followed him here. I lost him and decided to hide out here until I find a way back.” “Hahahahaha you sure are funny.” *I keep a straight face to show him that I am not lying. “ You’re serious? No way. How does that even happen? If you are telling the truth then maybe the way for you to get back is to go back to when you got teleported. But the only way I will be willing to help is if you take me with you!“ That is a deal. But we can't be yelling if the Spanish are following you.” *BOOM* “What was that?” I said. *Many loud bangs* We duck our heads. “I’ll check outside the window,” said Kaleb. “ It's the Spaniards. We gotta get out of here.” “ Wait. Let me grab my stuff.” We run and get ready to run

to the field I mentioned earlier. “ On the count of 3, we are going to run out of this door and try to get to the field. 1… 2… 3… GO.” We burst through the door, only alarming one Spaniard. “Ahí está el niño que estábamos persiguiendo. Que alguien lo atrape.” Says the Spaniard. Me and Kaleb make a quick left to avoid being shot. *How the hell did I go from the hallways of my school to being shot at?* “ We gotta make it to the field without stopping! Do you think you can make it?” Says Kaleb “ It's not if I can make it or not! I have to make it.” Right then and there I hear a Shot in the distance. But this one sounds different. The bullet hits Kaleb in his left thigh. “Kaleb!” I yell. Without hesitation, I dragged him behind the building to our left. Hoping that the Spaniard thinks we ran off. “Kaleb, are you okay?” “ Yeah, I think so I just need to stop the bleeding and we should be good to keep traveling.” “ Traveling?! You just got shot! We can wait till tomorrow.” After I’m done wrapping Kalebs Leg, we try going to sleep. I can’t fall asleep and I start to think about my past life. I was complaining about homework, the teachers, and school in general. But now I see what people used to go through. I have no right to complain about school. After a while, I fell asleep. I wake up to find Kaleb cooking the MREs that I had in my backpack. “If we are going to travel to the field we are going to need energy so for now, eat up. After we are done Eating we start heading over to the field. During our walk to the field, I talked to Kaleb about all the things we had in my time. smartphones, televisions, smartwatches, electric cars, all that. Kaleb's eyes glistened with excitement as he imagined his new life. “ Look, Kaleb! That is the same door I came from, it's time to head home!” We sprinted towards the door in excitement. But suddenly, I hear a bang. I look to my left and I find a Spaniard aiming his rifle at me. I then felt a strong shove from behind me as if I was getting pushed away. “ Kaleb, No!” He had pushed me and jumped in front of the bullet for me. “Diego, go through the door. Leave

me here. I belong here in my time. Thank you for telling me all about the cool things behind this door. But unfortunately, I will not be able to live this life anymore. Go. Diego, Go." I enter through the door. With tears rolling down my cheeks I slid down the school hallway wall. My teacher approaches me and tells me I am late for class and I have lunch detention.

THE END